

HAPPY DAYS

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No. 11.

THEN AND NOW.

What! you want grandfather to tell you the story of his life? Well! that's a large order. But, still, I'll tell you something of the old and new things I've seen.

Now, sit round and listen; and you, young quicksilver Bert, sit in the centre, and see if you can keep your restless energies quiet for a few minutes while I show you these pictures, and tell you the story. Are you all comfortable? No! Well, let Dolly come closer. Mag, cease chattering. There, now, you are a nice party.

Well, when I was a youngster, sixty-five years ago, I well remember the good Princess Victoria being hailed Queen of England. The old king had died in the night, and his ministers hastened to Kensington where the princess was sleeping, and aroused the household. They said they must see Her Majesty the Queen. "But," said the ladies of the household, "the princess is fast asleep." "Ah! but," replied these gentlemen, "the Queen's business is important, and we must see Her Majesty." So the princess was awakened, and hastily putting on a dressing-gown, she came to the room where these gentlemen were waiting her. They said they were sorry to disturb her Majesty's sleep but events had happened which rendered it important that they should at once see

the Queen of England. And so they delicately made known to her that the King was dead and that she was Queen.

For sixty-three years she reigned, a model Queen, a noble woman. Let us look back over those years, and compare what then was and what now is.

steel, and sails to steam. Our fighting ships now have walls of steel twelve or eighteen inches thick, and are armed with monster guns, which cost the country about £20 at each firing, and which will send the destructive bullet to hit and damage at a distance

of five or six miles; while, for closer quarters, from the fighting tops on the masts, a storm of bullets are poured out as the gunners grind the handle. Terribly destructive are these modern ships of war. We are glad they are seldom called upon to show their teeth. May their strength and might long maintain our peace.

Travelling was slow when I was a boy, go where you would. Lands across the sea were only reached by sailing vessels. And if winds were contrary, it was slow indeed. But steam has altered all that; and we don't wait for favorable winds. Powerful engines thrust the steamer against wind and tide, and rapid travelling is now the order of the day. But more than that. Steam has brought with



NOW AND THEN.

Look at the old wooden battleship in our picture. That was the sort, when I was a mite, in my dear old mother's arms, which swept the seas of our foes, and made England mistress of the seas. Good old wooden walls! But now what a difference! Wooden ships have given way to

in our reach the fruits and foods of other lands. These are so quickly carried that scarcely anything the world produces can now be considered perishable. Ice is not now sought for, but made; and in these steamships are ice-chambers, in which these fruits and foods are kept sweet and

good. So that even the very poor may now enjoy what, in my boyhood's days, were considered by the rich as luxuries.

Ah! what a to-do there was when George Stephenson set about changing our ways of land travelling. We were all so satisfied with the coach. Nothing could be faster or more comfortable. What a mad-brained fellow Stephenson was to think of doing better than the coach and horses. What disasters, the knowing ones said, would take place when the first railway was made. Boilers would burst, cattle would stray on the lines and upset the train, and, as for the idea of travelling at twenty miles an hour, it was wicked. People must expect to get killed if they rushed along at such a break-neck pace. But now you youngsters coolly step into the modern trains, with the palace cars, so different to the stifling boxes of early times, and are whisked along at sixty or more miles an hour, making a journey in a day which we old boys would not have dreamt of doing in less than ten days.

I wonder whether the horse will one day be thought worthy a cage in our Zoo, as a specimen of one of the animals which used to inhabit England. People used to ride him a good deal. Now the 'cycle takes his place. To-day we make him drag our carriages. By and by, I suppose, he won't be wanted at all, for we shall all travel by motor-car. And then poor old puss will have to find some other food than cat's meat.

How easily we get our light now. We take our box of matches, strike one, and immediately there is light. You would scarcely believe it, but there was not a match in England when I was a boy. When we wanted a light, we took a piece of flint and a steel, and got a spark, like Bert does when he strikes his heel-tip on the kerb. But we took care to have some very dry tinder close by, into which our spark should drop, and then, having caught our spark, we would blow and puff, and puff and blow, till we got a flame. Ah! often I've stood shivering with cold, click, click, clicking, for the spark. What a feeble light our spluttering, guttering tallow candles gave. Every few minutes they needed snuffing, and, sometimes, in snuffing them, out would go the light, because our snuffers had snapped off too much of the wick. And then we would have to go click, clicking again for another spark. At last Sir Humphrey Davey said we could have our streets and houses lighted with gas. Nonsense! How could it be? How could he get the gas to our houses? No; he was a dreamer, surely. But yet we have got the gas in our houses, so bright, with its incandescent mantle, that surely Sir Humphrey Davey would open his eyes in astonishment at its brilliancy. And, better, than that, electricity is here, with its powerful light; and electricity by which we may send messages in a few moments of time to any part of the

world; and by which we may speak to one another, although hundreds of miles apart. What an alteration, too, in farm work! The sickle and scythe are old-fashioned implements of harvest. Now the farmer employs a machine, which cuts the corn at one side and throws it out at the other as a neat, tied-up bundle. And the old flail, shovel and sieve are laid on one side, for machinery now beats out the corn, winnows it, and stacks the straw. All this is the result of intelligence. The harvest is quickly gathered; little is now spoiled; and so there is more and cheaper food for the people. But we old folks sometimes long for the swish of the scythe and the song of the harvest-home. Ah me, for the good old days! But yet it is good to see the free schools and the free libraries, where all may acquire knowledge. What poky little rooms the old dames taught us in; and what a little they taught. What nervous old souls they were. How they cleared the rooms of all needles, and even the fender and fire-irons, when a storm came, and we all huddled together, shivering with fright, terrorized at each crash of thunder. Wonder of wonders was the penny post, when Sir Rowland Hill enabled us to send a letter to any part of the country for a penny. But you youngsters can beat that, for there is your half-penny post. It was said the penny post would never do, for everybody would be wanting to write. Yes, it's true; these fine schools and the intelligent teachers are putting knowledge in every one's way.

And is it not good to learn that pain is lessened nowadays? With chloroform and ether, our surgeons put us to sleep while they cut away or examine our diseases; and our dentists, with their gas, make us unconscious that we are having ever so many of those aching teeth removed. We have police to protect; firemen to save; while out at sea the sailor in peril sends up his rockets, assured that some brave lifeboat-men will bring their unsinkable lifeboats to his rescue. And there are papers and books by the hundreds for us to read; and children's books are cheaper, and ever so much larger, and twenty times more interesting, than when Victoria became Queen. Surely it is good to live to see it. We are all happier and more comfortable for all this intelligence. Let us use our intelligence to make others happier.

Anna Jane has formed the naughty habit of peeping through the keyhole. When some persons are talking in the next room she thinks they are saying something she would like to hear. Then she goes to the door, looks through the keyhole, and then she puts her ear close up and listens. I am sorry Anna Jane has fallen into such a naughty practice.

WHAT AN ANGEL IS LIKE.

"Mamma, what is an angel like?"
 Asked the boy in a wondering tone.
 "How will they look if they come here,
 Watching me while I'm all alone?"
 Half with shrinking and fear spoke he;
 Answered the mother tenderly:
 "Prettiest faces ever were known,
 Kindest voices and sweetest eyes."
 Robin, waiting for nothing more,
 Cried, with a look of pleased surprise,
 Love and trust in his eyes of blue,
 "I know, mamma, they're just like you."

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, MAY 23, 1903.

A NEW HEART.

A little girl's brother teased her so much one day that she said: "O mamma, I do wish that God would take Freddie and make him all over again." God does make people all over again. If you have not even been trying to please him, will you ask him to give you a new heart, and write his commandments on it, so that you shall love to do the things that he says? I should think that every little child would want to love and serve Jesus. He says: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God."

" . . . Jesus came to us to show
 The way to the pure, sweet life above
 From our sinful life below.

We must be and do and love like him;
 Be kind, all evil shun,
 And he'll bring us all to his heavenly
 home
 When our life work is done."

NAN'S MADE-UP STORY.

BY ADELBERT F. CALDWELL.

"If you'll pay strict attention
To every single word,
I'll read the nicest story
I'm sure you ever heard."

And Nan made room for pussy
Beside her on the seat—
I'm very sure she mew'd her "thanks"
For having such a treat.

"Once on a time," the story read—
Pussy did closer sit;
The book was upside down, but then
Nan couldn't read a bit—

"There lived a little Tabby,
That's your surname, you see,
Who had the strangest manners—
As foreign as could be.

"She didn't wash her face and hands,
When she sat down to eat,
But only when she'd eaten up
Her juicy bits of meat!

"Now don't you like that story?
Every word is true—
All cats have just such manners,
And, pussy, you have, too."

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF ACTS.

LESSON IX. [May 31.]

THE LIFE-GIVING SPIRIT.

Rom. 8. 1-14. Memorize verse 1.

GOLDEN TEXT.

For as many as are led by the Spirit
of God, they are the sons of God.—Rom.
8. 14.

THE LESSON STORY.

We have learned that Paul, while he was at Corinth, sent a letter to the Christians at Rome by Phebe, a Christian lady, who was a deaconess. He had not yet visited Rome, but he knew many Christians who had gone there, and he longed to see them. He knew that they lived in a city that was called "the mistress of the world," and that there it might cost them their lives to confess Christ, for the Romans not only worshipped their gods, but their emperor, and Paul wanted them to have so much of the Spirit of God that all men could see that they worshipped a God who is Spirit and Truth. The Romans lived after the flesh, or all the things that pleased their senses, but he charged them to live after the Spirit. To be low-minded, he said, was death, but to be spiritually-minded was life and peace. He told them that as many as let

the Spirit of God lead them were the sons of God. Many of these Christians followed Paul's counsel and stood fast in their faith, even when the cruel emperor put them to death. They lived in the great underground tombs, called the catacombs, when the persecution drove them from their homes, but always and everywhere they showed that they were led by the Spirit of Christ.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

Were the Roman Christians Jews or Gentiles? Mostly Gentiles.

Had Paul lived in Rome? No.

Did he afterward live there? Yes.

Who lived at Rome? The emperor who ruled the Jews.

What kind of a man was he? A very bad man.

Could he help his people to be good? No.

Who could help them? The Lord, by his Holy Spirit.

What did Paul ask of the Christians? That they be led by the Spirit.

What did he say they would then be? Sons of God.

What would they have? Life and peace.

Were they afterward faithful? Yes.

What were many called to do? Die for their faith.

LESSON X. [June 7.]

PAUL'S VOYAGE AND SHIPWRECK.

Acts 27. 33-44. Memorize vs. 41-44.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses.—Psa. 107. 28.

THE LESSON STORY.

After waiting five days for a ship, Paul journeyed toward Rome. He took two friends with him—Aristarchus, of Macedonia, and Luke, "the beloved physician," who wrote the Acts of the Apostles. There were other prisoners also, and the centurion, Julius, who had them in charge, treated Paul with courtesy and kindness. It took a long time to make a journey then, as they had only slow sailing vessels, and as the winter was coming on, they thought to go into harbour. Paul said that would be best, but they went on, and a great wind rose that tossed the ship about many days and nights. Paul was sure he should not die, for God had said that he should witness for him at Rome, and he prayed that all might be saved with him. God answered him in a dream, and he comforted the men (there were nearly three hundred) by telling them that the angel of God had stood by him, and had said that they should all be saved, only they must first be cast upon an island. After fourteen days they drew near land. The ship had been tossed until it was ready to go to pieces, and as it ran aground, the hinder

part of the ship was broken by the breakers beating against it. The soldiers thought they ought to kill the prisoners, but the centurion, willing to save Paul, would not let them, and told all who could swim to throw themselves into the sea and get to land; the others, clinging to pieces of the ship, were cast ashore, and so all were saved.

QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST.

How did Paul begin his journey to Rome? In a ship.

Who went with him? Luke and Aristarchus.

Who else? Many prisoners and soldiers.

What did they meet? A great wind-storm.

How long did it toss the ship? Fourteen days.

Was Paul afraid? No.

Why? God had said that he should go to Rome.

What did he say to the others? That they would all be saved.

What did they reach? An island.

What became of the ship? It broke in pieces.

Who told them to swim to the land? The centurion.

How many were saved? All.

LOST TREASURES.

"Come, Mamie, darling," said Mrs. Peterson; "before you go into the land of dreams, you will kneel here at my knee and thank your Heavenly Father for what he has given you to-day."

Mamie came slowly toward her mother, and said: "I've been naughty, and can't pray, mamma."

"If you've been naughty, dear, that is the more reason that you need to pray."

"But, mamma, I don't think that God wants little girls to come to him when they are naughty."

"You are not trying to be naughty now, my dear, are you?"

"No, I am not naughty now."

"Well, then, come at once."

"What shall I say to God about it, mamma?"

"You can tell God how very sorry you are."

"What difference will that make?"

"When we have told God that we are sorry, he forgives us; then we are happy, but we cannot undo the mischief."

"But, mamma, even so, I can never be quite as rich as if I had not had a naughty hour to-day."

"Never, my dear; but the thought of what you have lost may help you to be careful in the future, and we will ask God to keep you from sinning again."

No one else can do the work you have been sent into the world to do; others may do some other work, but not your work.



THE LATE QUEEN VICTORIA.

A RIDDLE FOR GRANDMA.

"Grandma, papa has sent you a riddle to guess," cried two little girls, bounding up to the porch where their grandma sat knitting in the sunshine.

"A riddle, hey?" said she. "It can't be a very big one, if you two can carry it. What is it, then?"

"He says: 'How can Maud and I be his sons when we are his daughters?'"

"Well, the answer to that riddle is that you cannot be his sons, and I am glad of it. I think that little daughters are the sweetest things on earth."

"No; but, grandma, he says that we are his sons," insisted Clara.

"Well, perhaps you can make as much noise as sons."

"That's not the answer, grandma," said Maud. "Give it up?"

Grandma made a few more guesses, and then gave it up.

"He says that we are his s-u-n-s," cried Clara gleefully, "because we make sunshine for him. See, grandma?"

"Yes, I see," said the old lady, smiling down at the two bright little faces; "he makes sons of his daughters by spelling them with a 'u.'"

A FABLE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A little boy and girl were once sitting on a flowery bank, and talking proudly about their dress.

"See," said the boy, "what a beautiful new hat I've got. What a fine new jacket and trousers, and what a nice pair of shoes. 'T's not everybody that's dressed as finely as I am."

"Indeed," said the girl, "I think I'm dressed finer than you, for I have on a silk cape and a handsome feather in my bonnet. I know that my dress cost a great deal."

"Not so much as mine," said the boy, "I am sure."

"Hold your peace," said a caterpillar, crawling on the hedge. "You have neither of you any reason to be proud of your clothes, for they are only second-hand, and have all been worn by some creature or other, of which you think meanly, before they came into your possession. Why, that silk first wrapped up such a worm as I am."

"There, miss! what do you say to that?" said the boy.

"And that feather," exclaimed a bird perched upon a tree, "was stolen from or cast off by some of my race."

"What do you say to that?" repeated the boy. "Well, my clothes were neither worn by birds nor worms."

"True," said a sheep that was grazing near by, "but they were worn on the back of some of my family before they were on yours; and, as for your hat, I know that the beaver supplied the materials for making that article; and my friends the calves and oxen were killed not only to furnish meat for your table, but also leather to make your shoes with."

THE SECRET OF ENGLAND'S GREATNESS.

It is a familiar story that, early in Victoria's reign, a foreign prince inquired the secret of England's greatness, and the young Queen handed him a copy of the Word of God as the answer to his question. Truer words were never spoken. Not her forts, and fleets, and armaments, not her conquering army or proud navy—not these, but the principles of righteousness and justice, as taught in the word of God, on which the throne is based. These are the secrets of England's greatness.

AT HAME AMANG HER AIN FOLK.

Verses written on reading the ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the new parish church of Craithie by Queen Victoria.

At hame amang her ain folk,
Mong Craithie's mountains high,
Wi' faithfu', leal, an' fain folk,
Wha joy when she is nigh;
Oh, never seem'd our Sovereign
So royal as she's now,
And never seem'd the diadem
So graceful on her brow.

At hame amang her ain folk,
Where oft in bygone days,



THE SECRET OF ENGLAND'S GREATNESS.

She joined the prayers holy,
The simple psalms of praise;
Gratefully glad to mingle
With that small, faithful band,
For dear to her the "Auld Kirk"
O' our lov'd Cov'nant land.

At hame amang her ain folk,
An' hameley can she be,
Wha's name is lov'd and cherished
O'er every land and sea,
And will through coming ages,
Unsullied and serene,
Be traced on history's pages
As monarch's ne'er hath been.

At hame amang her ain folk,
Then may a' good attend,
May faithfu', leal and kind folk
Surround her till the end;
Still shielded and still sheltered
'Neath shadow of his wings,
Who is the God of nations,
Who is the King of kings.

JESUS DIED FOR ME.

Hannah was a little Jewish maiden seven years old. In school she read with the other children from the New Testament. One day the teacher asked each child in the class where she thought she would go when she died. Some were silent; some said they did not know; some said they hoped they would go to Heaven; but when it came Hannah's turn, she answered, without hesitation, "To heaven."

"What reason have you for thinking you will go there?" asked the teacher.

"I know it," answered the little maiden, her eyes sparkling, "because Jesus died for me."

Jesus says to his people, "Feed my lambs"—that is, "Take care of my little children." Good Christians obey Jesus, and love his little lambs. This is the reason why your teachers instruct you at Sunday-school; they love your souls.